That blessing that St. Dunstan gaue the diuell
if I were neere thee I would giue thee,
pull the downe by the nose.

Bian. Sts should not raue Sir
a litle Rubarbe now were excellent.

Petru. Then by that duty you owe to me Maria
open the doore and be obedient, I am quiet yet.

Mari. I doe confesse that duty, make your best out.

Petru. Why giue me leaue I will.

Bian. Sir there's no learning
an old stiffe iade to trott, you know the morall.

Mar. Yet as I take it Sir, I owe no more,
then you owe back againe.

Petru. You will not article?
all I owe presently, lett me but vp, I'le pay.

Mar. Y'are to hot and such proue iades at length.
you doe confesse a duty or respect to me from you againe,
that's very neere or full the same with mine?

Petru. Yes.

Mari. Then by that duty, or respect, or what
you please to haue it, goe to bed and leaue me,
and trouble me no longer with your fooling;
for know I am not for you.

Petru. Well, what remedie.

Petre. A fine smart cudgell, o that I were neere thee.

Bian. If you had teeth now, what a case were wee in;

Moro. These are the most authentique rebels next Tyrone
I euer read of.

Mari. A weeke hence, or a fortnight, as you beare ye,
and as I find my will obseru'd, I may
with intercession of some freinds be brought

May

May be to kisse you, and so quarterly
to pay a little rent, by composition.
you vnderstand me?

Soph. Thow boye, thow.

Petru. Well, there are mor maydes then Maudlin.
that's my comfort.

Mari. Yes, and more men then Michaell

Petru. I must not to bed with this stomach
and no meate Lady.

Mari. feed where you will, so it be sound and wholsome,
els liue at liuery for I'le none with ye.

Bian. You had best back one of the dayrie maydes,
they'le carry, but take heed to your girths,
you'l gett a bruise els.

Petru. Now if thou wouldst come downe and tender me
all the delights due to a mariage bed,
study such kisses as would melt a man,
and turne thy selfe into a thousand figures
to adde new flames vnto me, I would stand
thus heauie, thus regardles, thus despising
thee, and thy best allurings; all the beautie
that's laid vpon your bodies, marke me well,
for without doubt your minds are miserable,
you haue no markes for them, all this rare beautie,
lay but the painter and the silkeworme by,
the doctor with his dyets, and the taylor
you appeare like flead cats, not so handsome.

Maria. And wee appeare like her that sent vs hether
that only excellent and beauteous nature,
truly our sˢlues; for men to wounder att,
but for diuine to handle; we are gold

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